

The Fairy Prince's Visit

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

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Did I ever tell you about Mary Mahaney's chiny shower, which was held at a last St. Patrick's day, just last week before she was after gettin' married to Terence Mulhally?

Sure, if I was to live to be a thousand years old, I'll never forget that. 'Twas the mornin' before the shower when I was doin' up me mistress's room, an' she sat on the sofa readin' her letters, I said, very respectful indeed.

"If it will not inconvenience you, I'd like St. Patrick's eve off. Me best friend, I wint on, 'who is after marryin' Terence Mulhally, is havin' a chiny shower. Oh, 'twill be grand! The other gurls will all be takin' her somethin' very fine; but, an' I spoke sorrowful, 'tis little I can do. I sint all me money to me fathier an' mither in Ireland, an' I've nothin' left to put on even a cracked cup for Mary.' An' I wiped me eye with the skirt av me apron.

"Whist now," says me mistress soft an' pleasant. She is a very kind lady, ye must know. "I guess it will not send me to the poorhouse to give ye a bit av chiny. Dhry yer eyes, an' come down to the chiny-closet with me. An' would ye believe it, before ye cud count tin, she had lepped up from the sofa, run down the stairs with me at her heels, thrown open the glass dore av the chiny-closet, an' handed me out a fine, big pitcher! 'Twas a deep, dark blue, with pink roses an' gilt all over wane side av it. Oh, 'twas the handsomest thing ye iver see!

So ye can imagine 'twas very set up I felt the night av the shower, when I put on me Sunday dress an' started off with me grand pitcher all done up in tissue paper under me arm. Ye see, 'twas arranged that us gurls was to go airly, so as we could help Mary lay out the supper an' get things all ready for the shower against the time the b'ys come in about tin o'clock. Thin while all was enjoyin' the refreshments we was to present the bride with the chiny.

Well, we must all have started at the same time, fer by good luck we all got to Mary's kitchen dore at the same time.

While we were enjoyin' av ourselves there came a knock on the dore, so sharp an' sudden that it caused each wan av us to nigh jump out av our skins. For a minute we all held back, an' thin Mary stepped to the dore an' opened it, an' there, so close against it that she jumped, stood a man.

"Isn't this Miss Bridget O'Reilly?" he says very polite an' pleasant; an' before Mary could answer, he went on, "I'm sure it is," steppin' in an' closin' the dore behind him, "fer me sister in Ireland wrote me that she lived in this very house. She says, 'You will know her by her dark eyes an' her swate smile.' An' do ye know that, although he spoke to Mary, he give a sudden look past her an' smiled right at me; although Sheila, an' Biddy, an' Rosie all contended afterward that it was square at him he was lookin'."

Oh, but he was handsome! It made your eyes glad to look at him. Tall an' straight an' slim, with a laughin' mouth an' gray eyes, keen as an eagle's. "I'm afraid I'm not the lady ye're lookin' fer," says Mary, in a soft voice. "Me name is Mahaney!"

"Mahaney!" he cried, fer all the world like he'd found a fortune. "Mahaney! Not wan av the Mahaneys av—"

"County Galway," spake up Mary. An' the next thing ye knew, before she cud say another word, he had the two hands av her an' was shakin' thim up an' down, his eyes shinin' an' the tegh gleamin' like snow in his dark face.

Well, the next thing ye knew, that b'y had got us all laughin' an' carryin' on like we was kids agin. Och, there was nothin' that cud be done that he didn't do it! He took the stockin' that Biddy Winn was knittin' from her an' knit three rounds before ye cud say Jack Robinson—all the while a-tellin' some joke or a comical story that made our sides ache.

Such rompin'! Oh, he was the great cut-up! We showed Mary, protestin' an' screamin', from the room, an' thin we untied the presents for the chiny shower. Well, I'm tellin' ye, I had the surprise av me life. There wasn't a gurl there, mind ye, that hadn't a piece av chiny as nice or better than me grand blue pitcher. Fer the life av me, I could not make it out just thin, fer why they had spent their money on Mary Mahaney, although I rayceved light on the subject later.

An' all the while, Mary poundin' on the dore an' beggin' to be let in, until we tuk play on her, an' let her come back. After that we quieted down, an' sat around the stove again, with an other cup av fresh tea apiece. An' he began to sing. An, oh! 'twas the grand voice he had, an' 'twas a pritty song as ye iver heard, with the gay tune av it.

All at once he stopped short, looked up at the big, square clock tickin' away on the mantelpiece, an' thin he sort av started, an' fer a minute a shadow fell across his face. "Did ye iver hear av Cinderella," he says, "her that had to lave the ball at the stroke av 12?" I'm her brother, an' I must be havin' before the stroke av tin."

Thin the b'y walked over to the dore, shut it shairp behind him an' was gone.

An' even as we stood there stharin' an' ready to rub our eyes, like we was just aroused from some enchantment that had been put on us, we heard heavy footsteps stampin' on the snow outside an' the voices av the b'ys, an' in a minute they all come in—Terence Mulhally an' Roman Hennessey an' Jawn Mather an' Billy Cronin.

"An' where's Tim Hogan?" we asked. But not wan av thim knew, so supposin' he'd come in any minute we thought no more about it. Thin the b'ys all crowded around the stove an' begun to laugh an' cut up. "Tis true that most times us gurls would have been ready enough to join in with thim; but all at wance they seemed quite different.

"Tis strange I niver noticed before what terrible manners they have," says Sheila Mooney to me, very disgusted.

"Comparisons is ojus," I rapped; "but 'he haird not to make thim."

Courge, right away, us gurls all got busy warmin' up the vittles an' settin' out the supper; but some way or other the haird seemed to have gone out av all av us, although I will say fer myself, I kept me timper an' niver wance forgot I was a lady, the others became very cross an' disputatious.

But we put that face on it we cud, an' before beginnin' to enjoy the refreshments, we all presented Mary with our pieces of chiny. Well, you should have seen the face on her when she andid thim packages. 'Twas proud an' pleased an' yet puzzled, an' it kept gettin' more so as she unrolled the paper from each grand ornyment.

An' while she was thyrin' to thank us the best she cud, in walks Tim Hogan, brushin' the snow off his uniform—he is a policeman, ye know—an' although 'twas a very cold night, as I did be tellin' ye, his face was red an' hot, and the perspiration was tricklin' down his forehead under his helmet. Naturally, iver wan began to ask fer why he was so late.

"Tis fer a good reason," he says, very important an' yet cross. "There has been a great robbery. Almost iver house on Petunia place has been entered this night. Yours, Sheila Mooney, an' yours, Nora Grady, an' yours, Biddy Winn. The police thought they had him sure; but he slipped right through their fingers and vanished like quicksilver. I did not see him meself, but 'twas the fine handsome crook he was, the towid me. I'd give something nice to lay me hands on him."

Before he had finished, Rosie, she slipped through the dore into the laundry. Stoppin' only to whisper to Mary to kape the quiet tongue in her head—I cud tell by the way Sheila an' Biddy was lookin' at Tim that they had no intintion av helpin' him out with any information—I followed Rosie.

There she was, sittin' on a up-turned tub in that cold, damp laundry, lit only by a feeble taper, cryin' as if her heart wud break.

"Oh, Nora," she sobs when she sees me, runnin' to me an' throwin' her arms around me, "do ye believe it?"

"Not I!" I says, very stout. "I'd stake me sow's salvation that he niver stole anything but hair."

"An' me, too," says Sheila, who had come in. "I don't know what he was, an' I don't care; but he was no thif!"

"But I know now," says Rosie, liftin' her head up, with a light on her face an' a kind av glory an' wonder in her eyes. "'Tis the prince av the fairies he was, stepped in on a St. Patrick's eve to call on the few that's left be-lavin' in him."

Hen Lays Colored Eggs.

Hiram Stillings is telling his friends all about a favorite hen with a poetic soul and an inspiration toward higher things than the ordinary egg of commerce. He has dubbed it the Easter egg hen, because it lays colored eggs.

When a bit of a chick last year, the fowl suffered a broken leg, and was taken into the kitchen to be nursed. It became a great pet, and when it got well spent most of the time in the house watching the women folks cook.

One day the hen saw Mrs. Stillings coloring eggs for Easter. For several days the fowl wore a thoughtful air, and it is clear now that it had taken a firm resolve to lay only painted eggs when it grew up.

Now, this hen ate onion skins and indigo and calico print cloth, which, as everybody knows, can be used to color eggs. And in good time it began to lay eggs.

Each egg that it laid was colored, and each egg had a different design. Mr. Stillings refrains from declaring that the hen laid hard-boiled eggs, simply as a matter of policy.—Philadelphia North American.

Gun-metal gray pongee has been made up into this jaunty little costume. The jacket is a tuxedo pony model, with the vest of gray and black striped taffetas. The under-armor seams curve in sharply at the waist line, and large silver buttons and loops of gray silk cord ornament each side of the front; small flat silver buttons fastening the vest. The collar and three-quarter length sleeves are trimmed with deep cream-colored embroidery edging. The skirt is a seven-gored model, side plaited at the front and hips, and closing under an inverted box-plait at the center-back. Two bias bands of the striped taffetas are set on as a trimming above the hem. The model is an excellent one for volle, mohair, Panama cloth, heavy linen, chambray, or homespun.

For a miss of 15 years the jacket requires 3 1/4 yards of material 20 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard 42 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yard 54 inches wide; as illustrated, 3/4 yard of contrasting material 20 inches wide, 1 yard of braid and 1 1/2 yard of applique band.

For a miss of 15 years the skirt requires 7 1/2 yards of material 20 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 36 inches wide, 4 yards 42 inches wide, or 3 yards 54 inches wide; 1 1/2 yard 20 inches wide, 1 yard 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard 42 inches wide, or 3/4 yard 54 inches wide, extra, for bias bands.

TO REDUCE THE WEIGHT.

If you want to get the flat front figure you must learn how and when to exercise. It is useless to take exercise at night when you are tired, and just as useless to exercise before a meal.

English women are slim because they keep their homes cool. Women who fill their rooms with fresh air are slimmer, as a rule, than those who sit in an overheated atmosphere. The lungs do better work under the circumstances.

In India the stout person takes the mind cure as well as the physical cure. She says to herself: "I am not hungry." After she has repeated this she takes a walk and engages in something to occupy her mind. So she lets a meal slip by.

In Denmark when a lady gets too stout she is urged to get out upon the hills and tend the sheep. She has fresh milk to drink and she also eats fruit and herbs, but no fish nor flesh nor fowl. She lives in the open and she loses weight.

The so-called Colorado treatment consists in sleeping out of doors in a sleeping parlor built with sides of Japanese matting to keep the wind from blowing upon you. Only two pieces of bedding are required. There must be a German feather bed to place upon the floor of the sleeping parlor and another feather bed to be drawn over the sleeper.—Exchange.

Exercise Is Necessary.

The body which is not exercised gets flabby and weak and degenerates in a number of bad ways. Double and triple chins, horribly misshapen busts and abdomens, flat chests, lank waists, and other unlovely features of many unfortunate women's frames are the result of no exercise. Exercise rids the body of many shortcomings which might be retained as deformities forever. The overplump, the overslim, and the beautifully proportioned—in fact, every woman—need it if face or figure are to develop or preserve beauty.

To Clean Brown Felt Hats.

Very dark brown felt hats may be freshened by brushing with a brush slightly dampened with solution of ammonia. Light brown or fawn felt is best cleaned with fuller's earth, made hot and applied with a flannel, or fuller's earth and oatmeal, or even oatmeal alone.

Slightly soiled gray felt hats may be cleaned with warm bran, but if more than soiled, the best method is to make a solution of pearlash and water and clean the hat with it.

This solution may be used for freshening red felt hats also, but if the color is not fast it is best to try the solution on the interior of the hat or a part that may afterward be trimmed over if the color should fade.

LEGHORN WITH PINK ROSES.

Grenadine again the Fashion.

Grenadine after years and years of absence has returned. It is the greatest novelty of the season and is treated like the shantungs, twills and satins with flowered borders—made to resemble insertions bordered on each side with garlands of flowers. Others with borders of satin and large dots, others, again, striped. The flower designs are evidently taken from designs for silks in fashion in the early '50's of the last century, and some, too, from the Louis XV. epoch.

The Thin Kimono.

The dressy kimono is made with a deep lace yoke in the front and back, with lace sleeves. To this is attached a net flounce, ruffled with net around the bottom and down the front. It is worn over a pretty pale silk slip of the same shape, made separate.

White allover is a neat material for plain kimonos, trimmed with embroidery insertion. White lawn needs only a few tucks and pretty Valenciennes lace to give the desired touch.

Perfect Trust.

Browning: In some time, His good time, I shall arrive.

JAUNTY COSTUME



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VOTERS MUST ACT

IN THEIR HANDS IS POWER TO CHECK TRUST EXTORTIONS.

Arrogant Refusal of Monopoly to Reduce Prices to the Home Consumer Should Lead to Action at Coming Election.

The steel trust officials refuse to reduce the high prices for steel products because its few small competitors have combined with it to maintain prices. Judge Gary, chairman of the street trust, declares that: "The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply, that the necessities of the purchaser are great, does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price. In neither case would the quantity bought or sold be more or less."

At the present time the demand is much less than the supply, and only about 50 per cent. of the capacity of production is being operated. Yet this steel monopolist tries to make us believe that if the price of steel products was reduced there would be no greater quantity sold, thus overthrowing all the experience of business, that the cheaper products of general utility can be produced and sold, the greater the consumption. If the price of steel products were reduced 25 per cent., which it would be with open competition the world over, those who are now waiting for a reasonable reduction in the price of steel would at once begin to manufacture and build. All the numerous things that steel enters into would thus be 25 per cent. or more cheaper than they now are, and that would undoubtedly lead those who have money to invest to take advantage of the low prices. The railroads would be able to buy more rails and engines; steel bridges would replace wooden ones; steel buildings would be ordered by those who have capital to invest in them, because a demand would be created by the reduced rents that could be charged. The farmers would buy more agricultural implements, wire for fencing and tools, if the price was cheaper; new stoves and household utensils would be bought because they would be offered as bargains, whereas now nothing is bought at present high prices that is not absolutely needed.

Why should this gigantic trust be protected by the tariff from competition when it refuses to reduce prices under the spur of no demand? Why should wire for fencing be taxed 41.90 per cent. to help the trust keep up prosperity prices? Why should wire netting be taxed 41.70 per cent. to prevent competition to the trust? Why should wire rope be taxed 55.60 per cent.; why should chains be taxed 87.21 per cent.; why should cutlery be taxed 93.23 per cent. and razors 55.56 per cent. and scissors 52.66 per cent., and common table and carving knives 69.43 per cent? Why should files be taxed 74.69 per cent., and file arms 46.50 per cent., and boiler tubes 38.32 per cent. unless it is to protect the steel trust and allied manufacturers from competition?

Yet when the panic comes, of which this protective tariff is one of the causes, and business is depressed and prices of everything not controlled by trusts and not protected by the tariff are declining; when wages are being reduced and thousands of workmen hunting jobs, this monopolistic trust declines to reduce prices because its manager declares it would sell no more at lower prices than at its present exorbitant prices.

In the meantime, while the American people are paying protection prices, the trust is selling abroad at much less prices; because the Republican congress has been standing pat for years and continues to follow the injunction of Mark Hanna to "continue to stand pat."

Will you continue to vote for a party who by law allows the trusts to sell cheaper abroad than here, or will you vote to change the tariff that protects the steel and other trusts, so that you can participate at the trusts' bargain-counters as the foreigners do?

Same Old Republican Trick.

The evident intention of the administration to crowd the asphalt controversy into Venezuela indicates that every effort is to be made by the Republican party to take the minds of the American people off their domestic affairs until the highly important matter of securing the succession of the representatives of special privilege has been accomplished. With a battleship squadron booming its way around the world on one side of us and a first-class row with the fire-eating Castro on the other, the Republican leaders and the tariff and trust combines who finance and control them may think to pull off another election on anything but the real issue. But the scheme lacks originality. The people are "onto the game."—Pittsburg Sun.

In spite of the statement of Chairman New that delegates will be seated with absolute fairness, it now appears that the Republican national committee will oppose the seating of the Taft delegates from the southern states in the interest of the "allies," which means those candidates for the presidential nomination other than Secretary Taft.

Speaker Cannon may agree when the leader of the Democratic minority insists that the president is commander-in-chief of the army and navy and not of congress. In his own attempts to be commander-in-chief in congress, Speaker Cannon finds at times that one man has all he can do in suppressing the minority while he is subjugating the majority.

Or Benevolently Assimilates It.

Mexican newspapers need not worry. Uncle Sam never steals territory. He merely lets Providence toss it into his lap.—The Commoner.

Few Deaths on Holland Railroads.

The railroads of Holland are so well managed that the deaths by accident on them average but one a year.

WHOLE PARTY IS RESPONSIBLE

Republicans Must Answer to Country for Action in Congress.

The house of representatives has now become but a machine to register the edicts of Speaker Cannon and Dalzell and two or three other stand-patters and trust protectors. Those who blame the speaker for wielding his enormous power adversely to the evident wishes of the public must remember that he is supported in running his autocratic machine by the votes of all the Republican members. The vote of 39 Republicans, in conjunction with the Democrats, could depose him from power or again make the house of representatives a deliberative assembly, but not one Republican member has so far dared to show independence for fear of what the machine would do to crush him. It is come to the pass that congressmen who are in theory supposed to represent the people and carry out their will have surrendered their power to the three Republican members of the committee on rules, namely, the speaker and the two other members appointed by him, who are therefore but messenger boys to do his bidding. Leaving the Democratic members out of the question and looking at the matter from the Republican point of view, how many Republican voters are satisfied with this condition.

If a referendum vote of the Republican voters of the country could be taken on the question of repealing the tariff tax on wood pulp and print paper, is it not certain that but few would oppose it? Yet Speaker Cannon refuses to allow the bill to be reported from the ways and means committee.

On March 19 Mr. Ridder, president of the American Newspaper Publishers' association, wrote to Congressman Payne, chairman of the committee, requesting that a hearing be granted upon the bills relating to free paper and pulp. On March 21 Mr. Payne replied, stating that: "The majority of the committee determined early in the session that it would not be wise to enter upon a revision of the tariff during this year, thus adding to the uncertainty and disquiet always caused by a presidential election. They also had in mind the disturbance caused by the recent panic. In order to avoid all agitation, they decided that they would have no hearings upon any subject affecting the tariff rates. After receiving your letter I again met with a majority of the members of the committee and they adhered to their opinion. I therefore feel authorized to say to you there will be no hearing upon tariff rates until after the presidential election."

This reply is but an exhibition of arrogance on the part of the "majority" members of ways and means committee—the Democratic members not having been consulted—for who is silly enough to believe that a single bill putting print paper and wood pulp on the free list would disturb the business of the country or add to the uncertainty and disquiet always caused by a presidential election? If Mr. Payne and the other Republicans had stated that it would disturb the business of the paper combine and probably prevent a liberal contribution to the Republican campaign fund, they would have come nearer to the truth.

Every Republican in congress is backing Speaker Cannon and the majority of the ways and means committee in this do-nothing policy. Near drastic rules to prevent the minority from even discussing the bills recommended by the president have been adopted. The voters that believe these reforms will doubtless remember the standpat action of their representatives when election day rolls around and accept no excuses that they were standing with the majority of their party, for surely a Republican member of congress could politically afford to stand by the president.

There, if Necessary.

When Attorney General Bonaparte is called on to pass on the employers' liability bill and it is explained that the president does not wish to take the risk of signing anything unconstitutional, it may be expected that Mr. Bonaparte may find something as facetious in the present bill as the joker which was found by the supreme court in the last one.

The net result of Uncle Cannon's investigations into the alleged wood pulp trust is that Mr. Attorney General Bonaparte has done nothing to it. But Mr. Speaker's committee on ways and means is as obdurate as ever, and as deaf, whenever the free list and pulp are mentioned in the same sentence.

The sentencing of a French butcher to a year's imprisonment at hard labor for furnishing bad meat to the army is another evidence that, in some respects, they are harsher in France than we are in this country. "Emballed beef" a case in point.

Senator Hopkins of Illinois says: "Speaker Cannon is much in favor of a bill to revise the tariff duty on wood pulp. What is the good of trying to fool the American people? If Uncle Joe is so anxious for any bill to reform the tariff, he could order it through the house under suspension of the rules in less than an hour."

"The Republicans have just as much honesty, intelligence and sense as we have, but they do not always show it," says Senator Gore truly. How can they when they are ridden by the machine bosses in their party conventions and are tightly gagged in the halls of legislation?

Danger in Continuous Crops.

The growth of a number of successive crops of the same plant has been lately found not only to exhaust the soil for that plant, but to develop an active poison for it. Steam distillation of a wheat-sick soil yielded a crystalline substance that is toxic to wheat, and from a soil exhausted for cowpeas a crystalline substance was obtained that is toxic to cowpeas but not to wheat.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

Raised Up When Science Said There Was No Hope.

G. W. L. Nesbitt, Depot Street, Marion, Ky., writes: "I was a chronic invalid with kidney troubles, and often wished death might end my awful sufferings. The secretions were thick with sediment, my limbs swollen and my right side so nearly paralyzed I could not raise my hand above my head. The doctor held out no hope of my recovery, and I had given up, but at last started using Doan's Kidney Pills and made a rapid gain. After three months' use I was well and at work again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SANDY ATE THE "PARRITCH."

But He Had to Play Mean Trick on Himself to Do It.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him at the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that parritch ye'll hae that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort, and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a groan, as he said to himself: "Sandy, my lad, I did ye that time, ye could fule!"

15 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Cured by Cuticura.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomforts and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them and in three weeks all the sores were dried up. The burning stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

He Didn't Care.

"I like simplicity," said Senator Beveridge to a Washington reporter. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too. Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"An' now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me?"

"The other's face brightened up. 'Why, yes, thanks, old man,' he declared heartily, moving toward the barroom door. 'I don't care if I do.'"

—Home Magazine.

The Details.

"The particulars?"

"Well, Capt. Feebles was shot in the back, originally, and went around with his back bent a good deal like an interrogation mark, until he got a portly slab of back pension. Then he straightened up his back until it was decidedly concave instead of considerably convex, dyed his whiskers a fighting black and set out in pursuit of a box of wood, who, being a widow, knew exactly how to be caught while maintaining all the symptoms of eluding capture to the very best of her ability."—Smart Set.